THE ENGINEER'S LAST RUN.

BY R. J. BURDETTE.

"Pile in the diamonds, Tom, for the run is long,
And the Lake Shore train from the East is a little late;
And the minute we hear the tap of the depot gong
The old girl wants to strike her liveliest gait.
The night is as black as death, and the wind is in the west,
And the sky above us is streaked with dusky bars;
Whether it storms or not the night will be dark at best,
For that climbing bank of clouds is blotting out the stars.

"I wish we could start on time, Tom, for we're pullin' a heavy train—
Three coaches, a smoker, two Pullman, baggage, express and mail;
And the old girl leans at the draw-bar as though she could feel the strain—
I can see her holding her drivers awfully close to the rail.
There goes the gong; look out, Tom, the signal is on your side.
'Afraid?' I hear him; what does he signal? 'All right,' say you? 'Go ahead!'
Now, girlie, we'll give these folks in the sleeper an all-night ride,
And we'll laugh at the Mississippi ere the eastern skies are red.

"Steady, old girl! Go easy; look out for yourself—don't slip:
Look at you, now! Hold close—that's right—there ain't no hurry just yet;
Here's a handful of sand for your drivers; it'll help you to hold your grip—
Look out for that crossing—don't stub your toe—easy, old girl; don't fret.
Now then, you run a little; we haven't no time to dream;
I'll just let you take a six-mile gait till we're well outside of the yards;
So we're past Grand Crossing—now rush right along—just help yourself to the steam,
And we'll give old Time and distance our swiftest and best regards.

"Ha, ha! Do you feel her quiver, Tom? It's a little too fast, I know,
She knows she has time to make up—she is running so wild and so glad;
And I haven't the heart to hold her, Tom, when I see she wants to go;
When I know by the throb of her nervous pulse that she wants to run so bad.

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"It must be nearly morning, Tom, the night has worn away,
But the skies grow blacker and darker, it seems, as the weary night wears on;
And though I can tell by the smell of air that it must be nearly day,
Yet the clouds have blotted out the stars that should pale in the early dawn.
She shows two gauges, doesn't she, Tom? this light, I can't half see—
The very headlight shows dull and dim, falters as it flickers along the rails;
I reckon I'm nervous with this long run; and it always seems to me
That along in the early morning, a fellow weakens and fails.

"We must be near the river, Tom; I wish I could see it now;
But we'll hear it sweep round the great stone pier, I reckon, by and by;
We're right on time, and I don't feel afraid of anything, but somehow
I wish I could see old Burlington's hills uplooming against the sky.
Just feel her spring! how eager she seems! how faster than life she goes!
Hear, when I touch the whistle, what agony in her scream;
And you cannot count the whirling miles that over her shoulder she throws—
Why, the night's run seems to me, boy, like a strange, wild, unreal dream.
"My hand is heavy, the whistle I blew just now I could not hear;
And your voice is so strange and distant, Tom, I can't tell where you are.
Have we dropped the train? Its roar is hushed—but murmuring cold and clear,
I can hear the sweep of the river now—it can't be very far.
The headlight's out, and this air-brake, boy—it won't work any more;
There's something wrong, but I'll drive ahead; there is no cause for fear—
It's dark and still as the grave behind, it's dark on the track before,
But the signal-lights are set all right—'the track ahead is clear.'

"The river is close ahead, boy, I can hear its ceaseless flow,
Though I cannot see in the darkness the rush of its chilling tide:
It isn't the Mississippi, Tom, it's some river that I don't know.
And the shadowy sweep of its waters is dark and cold and wide.
There ain't no bridge I can see, Tom, but I know the way is sure,
And I'm going to pull right straight ahead through the quiet, starless night,
For I see across the river, and white and clear and pure,
The signal-lights burn steadily, and they're set—'Come ahead. All right!'"

NELLIE'S STORY.

"Is the bona fide New Yorker ever tired, or sick, or sorry? Does he ever stop?"

So I used to ask my sister Alice, day after day, as we took our drive to the park, or sat at our window in the hotel, where, in truth, I spent the greater part of my time, idly watching that busy, restless, ever-increasing, ever-changing crowd, that surges through the great city like a mighty wave, seeming to engulf and hurry all before it.

"They tire me so, these people. Where do they come from, and where can they all be going? And don't you suppose that among them all there must be a few we should like to know?"

"Very probably," replied Alice, laughing, "but how are we to impress those few with a wish to know us? Are we to send an advertisement to the daily papers stating that 'Two ladies, possessing many agreeable qualities, but very few acquaintances, would like to enlarge their circle, and will receive applicants (who must bring undoubted references as to character and position) at such and such a time?' No, Nellie, that would hardly do. How shall we accomplish it? I am quite ready; to tell the truth, this hermit life begins to worry me just a little. I have yielded to your wish to be in perfect seclusion; but I can see that the inspiriting atmosphere of New York has done you good, Nellie, dear, in spite of yourself, and now the sooner we come out of our shell the better. Let us look around the hotel, though we should never have the courage to make any advances to strangers, even if attracted by their appearance, and, on the whole, I think the matter will regulate itself. We have been 'alone in crowd' long enough, now, and I want to see my Nellie in her proper sphere once more."

And then we wandered off into a discussion, or rather a long rambling chat, about the kind of people we should really like to have.

The daylight died away, and we looked out at the beautiful city "under the gaslight," and speculated afresh on the probable destinies of the crowd still tramping under our windows, and with the evening papers and our many beloved books we ended the day.

Ours was a strange position. We were both comparatively young. Alice was now 25, and I two years younger. Without being by any means regular beauties, we were sufficiently good looking to have been known in our native town, away down among the Hampshire hills, as "the pretty Langdon girls." We were thoroughly well educated. Had more money than we knew what to do with, and were absolutely alone in the world—our parents and only brother had died some years before the time of which I am writing, and Alice was a widow. Poor child! Her story is brief and sad enough. The man she loved and married at 18, proved in every way unworthy, and for three miserable years her young life was a burden to herself and a cause of ceaseless sorrow to me who watched her lovingly, but who was powerless to help or comfort in such a grief as this. At the end of three years she was released. A fall from his horse, while riding home in a state of intoxication, caused the almost instant death of her husband.

After this Alice was anxious to leave the old house, where there were so many sad associations; where we had been happy children, and desolate orphans, and where my darling Alice had tasted a bitterness worse than orphanage. But where should we go? It was at the close of our short New England summer, that we held many a consultation as to where we should pitch our tent. To me it was a matter of utter indifference, for, at that time, all places were alike to me. We knew something of Boston, and my chief pleasure during the memorable winter I spent there, was the recollection of that first day in the Music Hall. It was, in more senses than one, a marked day, for from it dated my intimate friendship with Henry West. We had met at several parties; each had recognized in the other a kindred spirit; and, as he was an habitue of the house in which I was visiting, it became a matter of course that he should escort me to the various places of amusement and show me "the lions." I loved music, but had enjoyed few opportunities of hearing it; no stars ever wandered so far out of their accustomed orbit as our little country town; and there was very little native talent there. When, therefore, Mr. West invited me, soon after my arrival in Boston, to attend one of the Wednesday organ concerts, I consented, little knowing what awaited me.

When the first piece was over (I remember it was the Tannhauser overture), I sat quite still, the tears rained down my face, but no words would come. Then it was I knew in an instant how perfectly sympathetic were my companion and myself; if he had at that moment uttered one of the commonplace or conventional criticisms one hears so often, I should have hated him forever. But he did not; he only said very quietly after I had recovered myself a little, "I am so thankful you heard it first with me," and I replied, "If only it might last forever."

From that day our friendship ripened fast, and during the remainder of that memorable winter, the world was very bright to me. Every week we went to the Music Hall, and then I studied out with his advice and assistance the music we had heard together. When the spring came, and Alice began to beg for my return to her, it was hard for me to think of all from which going home must separate me. And, to all appearances, he felt it too. I could not doubt that he had a very great interest in me, he had given so many proofs of it. Would he, I wondered, speak some decisive word before I left? Would not he ask permission to visit me in my country home? So I dreamed on until the last evening came. For hours the drawing-rooms had been crowded with guests, assembled to bid me adieu. Many a kindly greeting was spoken—many a wish expressed that we might soon all meet again. But not until very late, when almost every one had gone, did Mr. West appear. I knew at a glance that something was wrong, and my heart sank within me. I talked on, however, as merrily as before, giving to each a bright word, a good-by, wishing, oh! how earnestly, that it was all over. At last we were alone. My hostess, wearied by the evening's exertions, begged to be excused, adding, jestingly: "If one of the single gentlemen had loitered so long, Nelly, after all the rest, I should be rather suspicious on this last night, but there is no danger of anything coming to pass now—so I will say good night. Pray, Mr. West, do not be taken with one of your musical fevers and pursuade Miss Langdon to open the piano, for she is very tired and must set out on her journey at a most unearthly hour in the morning."

As she turned to go Mr. West said, in a low, strange voice: "I must say good-bye, too, Mrs. Gordon. This evening's mail has brought me letters which compel me to leave for Cuba."

"What! No bad news from Mrs. West, I hope?" she asked, anxiously.

"My wife is very ill, and wishes me to join her at once."

"I am so sorry; but I sincerely hope you will find her better on your arrival. Give her my kind regards and good wishes. How we shall miss you! Pray write and keep us informed of Mrs. West's health, and let us see you immediately on your return;" and, with a few more friendly words, she left the room.

His wife! These two words burned into my brain like coals of fire. I could not think nor wonder nor ask a question. My one idea was to escape without betraying my suffering; to insure his leaving me without discovering what those two little words, spoken so calmly and unconsciously, "Your wife!" had wrought for me! In that supreme moment, in that single flash of time, while he crossed from the door he had gone to open for Mrs. Gordon back to the sofa, where I sat, my woman's pride triumphed over every other feeling, and I spoke as calmly and deliberately as if no tempest raged within."

"You must let me, too, express my regret that you are summoned away on so painful an errand," I said; "and allow me, though a stranger to Mrs. West, to send a message of good wishes for her recovery."

He looked at me keenly and long, but my impassive face and measured tones baffled even that sharp scrutiny.

"You know, then, that I had the good fortune to be a married man!" he said. "From a remark you made yesterday I imagined for a moment that you were not aware of it; and, strange as it may appear, I rather think Mrs. Gordon's mention of my wife, just now, is the first that has chanced to be made before you. I wanted you to know it before we parted. I came here to-night partly to define my position, as the politicians say."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure; but you see it is quite an old story to me. Don't you know, Mr. West, that 'Benedict, the married man,' always shows his color in spite of himself? I hope, certainly, to have the pleasure of making Mrs. West's acquaintance, and of telling how much I am indebted to you for many acts of kindness and courtesy. And now, if you will not think me rude, I must ask you to let me say good-by, for I have still more packing to attend to."

"Good-by," said he. Not another word escaped him, but that piercing eye was fixed upon me, seeming to ask, "Is this all true?"

How I reached my house I cannot tell, even now. My journey was accomplished, however, and on the evening of the following day I threw myself into Alice's arms; and when shocked, I suppose, at the changed face that met hers, she exclaimed: "What is the matter, Nellie dear?" I entreated: "Do not ask me any questions; only love me always."

After a few days I opened my heart and told her all, but begged that the subject might never again be mentioned between us.

And now my life was indeed a blank. I was not ill in body, so I said; and when it was remarked that I became thinner and paler, I attributed all to my dissipation and late hours in Boston. There was no longer anything that pleased or displeased, interested or wearied, amused or annoyed me. I dared look neither backward nor forward. I read without receiving the slightest impression from the pages I turned over, and listened to Alice's sweet voice and to the kindly conversation of friends and neighbors without understanding or caring for their words. Thus it was with me when at last the time came that Alice decided on a change of residence, and for a beginning, resolved on trying how we should like New York. I said: "New York will do us as good as any other place, if you will let me stay quietly at home." And so we went, Alice and I, and a faithful old woman, who had been with us from childhood, and loved and watched over us as if we were her very own. We established ourselves at the Everett, and had been there for several months.

In all this time I had heard nothing of Henry West, but that his wife had recovered from her illness at Cuba and returned with him to Boston in the following spring. In the semi-occasional correspondence between Mrs. Gordon and myself his name had only once occurred, when she wrote: "Mr. West inquired for you yesterday, and was grieved to learn that you had not been well. He looks himself very badly, and has lost all his spirits. Perhaps madam's society has a depressing effect; and no wonder, for, as you know, his boyish marriage was the great mistake of his life. They are utterly uncongenial, and for years have lived apart, at least nine months out of the twelve, though they are nominally on good terms. Now, however, her health is failing very rapidly, and it may be that a happy release for both is at hand."

On the very day after I had talked with Alice of the possible material that might be found in the crowded streets of New York, we made our first acquaintance there. A lady whom we had frequently met in the halls and dining-room, and admired for her refined and dignified appearance, and who occupied, with a stately old gentleman, evidently her father, the suite of rooms adjoining her own, knocked hurriedly at our door one night, after we had retired. Our old Margaret answered the summons, and the lady begged that we would come to her assistance, her father having become suddenly and dangerously ill. Alice hastened to do all in her power, and for several days, during which the invalid slowly recovered, she made frequent visits to our neighbors' apartments, bringing back eloquent descriptions of both father and daughter. The latter, who introduced herself as Mrs. Gray, of Boston, now came frequently into our parlors, and the acquaintance bid fair to become a real friendship. The ice was broken, and I no longer wished to continue our isolated life. On Saturday Alice came in from a walk with our friend, and said:

"Nellie, Mrs. Gray wants you to go with her to-morrow to vespers, at St. Stephen's, to hear the '*Stabat Mater.*' May I tell her you will accept the invitation?"

I was quite ready to avail myself of Mrs. Gray's invitation, and welcomed her more cordially than usual when she came a few hours later to repeat it in person. As she sat and talked I found myself wondering who it was she resembled so strongly. The shape of her head, the expression of her eye, the tone of her voice, all seemed strangely familiar, yet we had never met until a few weeks previous. The conversation turned casually on Boston. I was lost in a sad dream when Mrs. Gray said, in answer to some remark of Alice's.

"Yes, we have fine pictures, sometimes in Boston; but we have our magnificent organ always. Of course you heard it, Miss Nellie, when you were there? Your sister tells me you are passionately fond of music, and of organ music especially."

"Yes, I have often heard it," I replied.

"I always thought I appreciated our organ entirely; but when my brother Henry came home from Europe, the year after it was opened, his intense enjoyment surpassed even mine. And all this reminds me to ask if you will allow me to present this same brother of mine to you to-morrow? He will arrive here late to-night, and will be most happy to escort us to St. Stephen's where he is a regular attendant whenever he visits New York."

I suppose Alice answered for me that I should be happy to make acquaintance with our friend's brother. I was too bewildered to speak. The strange likeness that made her face so familiar to me at first sight, the name of this unknown brother, Henry, his intense love for organ music—what could it all mean? Was I now to meet him again, to endure afresh all, the misery that the kindly hand of time was just beginning to hide amid the flowers of resignation and contentment? I passed the rest of the day and night in feverish excitement. I was asked no questions. If it were indeed he I was about to see, I should meet him as bravely as I had parted from him. He was and could be nothing to me after this one day; our path might never cross again—I could bear it.

At the appointed time Mrs. Gray called for me, but came alone! Then I realized how weak I was; how I had been hoping to see him, though I told myself we should meet as the veriest strangers.

"My brother will join us at the church," said Mrs. Gray. "He was obliged to go first to visit a sick friend, but he will not be detained long."

We reached the church just as the service was beginning, and the first strains of the magnificent "Stabat Mater" of Pergholese already issued from the grand organ. The aisles were crowded, but, as we approached Mrs. Gray's pew, she whispered, in a tone of relief, "How fortunate! I see that my brother has arrived before me and kept our seats; but I must defer an introduction till after the services."

The gentleman stepped from the pew to allow us to pass in, evidently listening intently all the while, that a note of the music might not be lost. He cast a careless glance on his sister's companion—our eyes met. All I saw was a look of joy, of thankfulness, of content. In my face I believe he could read absolutely nothing. Ah, what hours those were to me! But for the music I could never have sat there—so near to him, yet so infinitely far away. The music, now wailing, now beseeching, now triumphant, rolled through the church like a voice from heaven, banishing for the time all thoughts of earthly trials and temptations. But it ended at last—the vesper service was over.

As the crowd slowly dispersed we sat listening to the really-beautiful march of Beethoven. Then Mrs. Gray begged us to wait one moment, as she wished to speak to some poor women who were assisted and employed by her, and were now waiting for her. She simply named us to each other and left us. The "one moment" lengthened into an half hour; the last notes of the organ died away; only a solitary worshiper knelt here and there in the lonely aisles.

And I was listening to the "old, old story;" how, from the first day we met, he had cared for me, and me only; but, fettered by that uncongenial marriage, into which he had entered thoughtlessly when a mere boy, it was impossible for him to say one word. Yes, he had loved me from the first; and now he was free, and had come to seek me out, to ask whether I remembered him. And this time I had no need to tell a falsehood.

When Mrs. Gray rejoined us, she looked from one to another with a bright, loving smile, and whispered to me: "I never knew until just as I was coming for you this afternoon, that you and Henry were old friends. May I be your friend also, Nellie, for his sake?"

Then we walked slowly home in the twilight to Alice, who looked up inquiringly as we entered the parlor together. She must have seen at a glance that my sorrow was suddenly lifted from my heart, and when I presented Mr. West as "an old friend from Boston," the truth flashed upon her in a moment.

When he left me the other evening he said: "I cannot wait long for you, Nelly. Say all that's good of me to your dear sister, and persuade her to give you to me very soon."

Alice was neither obdurate nor selfish, and the next summer she joined my husband and myself in a happy wandering over Switzerland.

The Ohio Legislature Eighty Years Ago.

Michael Baldwin, the irrepressible and incorrigible, was no more dignified, abstemious or moral in his position as Speaker of the first Ohio House of Representatives than he has been in former years or lesser stations. He presided over the Chamber in 1803, 1804 and 1805. It is a matter of tradition that for his own pecuniary benefit, and for the entertainment among those of the legislators who had a penchant for gaming, he established in his rooms the game of "vingt-et-un," himself acting as banker and dealer, and as a matter of course winning more frequently than any of the other players. On one occasion, after much drinking and a late setting at the gambling-table, Baldwin found himself in possession not only of all the money of his companions, but of many of their watches. In the morning the House of Representatives was found to be without a quorum; but Baldwin, accustomed to heavy drinking and late hours, was in his place back of the Speaker's desk. Rapping savagely with his gavel, he demanded the roll-call of the House, and then sent the Sergeant-at-Arms out with orders to bring in the delinquent members. After an hour or so that functionary returned, followed by about a dozen members of the Ohio Legislature, whose blood-shot eyes, suffused faces, unsteady, shambling steps, and general air of shamefacedness indicated the late hours they had kept, and their heavy indulgences. With much austerity of manner, Baldwin reprimanded the tardy members, reminded them of the cost to which the infant State was subjected by paying of their *per diems*, and was proceeding to further elaborate his censure on their late arrival and the consequent delay of legislation, when one of the delinquents, exasperated beyond control, cried out, "Hold on there, Mr. Speaker, hold on! How could we tell what time it was, when the Speaker of the House had all the watches?"—*Alfred Mathews, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Swallows.

These are the light cavalry of the vast army of birds; always on the skirmish line, ever on the move—their wings are tireless. From early morn till night they forage the field of air. Constantly on the alert to cut off any straggler from the insect camps, they miss no opportunity to destroy these enemies of the farmer. The swallows, from time immemorial, have been the friends and companions of men. Wherever he has had literature it has always embalmed the praises of the swallows. "The twittering of the swallows in the thatch" has aroused the peasant at daybreak to resume his daily labor, and "when the swallows homeward fly" he has returned to his cabin to rest, ever since the human race has had a history.

Wherever man has gone, these birds have, to a greater or less extent, given up their primitive habits and attached themselves to him. Not as parasites, nor hardly as commensals, but as cheerful companions and helping friends.—*Des Moines Register.*

A MAN living in the country far from any physician was taken suddenly ill. His family, in great alarm, not knowing what else to do, sent for a neighbor who had a reputation for doctoring cows. "Can't you give father something to help him?" asked one of the sons. "Wa'al, I don't know nothin' about doctorin' people." "You know more than we do, for you can doctor cows. Now, what do you give them when they're sick?" "Wa'al, I allers give cows salts—Epsom salts. You might try that on him." "How much shall we give him?" inquired the son. "Wa'al, I give cows jest a pound; I suppose a man is a quarter as big as a cow—give him a quarter of a pound!"

USEFUL HINTS.

A PIECE of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out a stove-pipe, the vapors produced carrying off soot by chemical decomposition.

AN Eastern physician states that in families that roast their own coffee diphtheria cannot get a foothold, as the pungent aroma of the roasting coffee effectually destroys the germs of the disease.

VIOLET INK STAINS.—To remove, without trouble, the stains of violet ink caused by the upsetting of a bottle of that fluid upon any garment, lay it immediately in clear, cold water and rub out the ink as far as it will come out, then lay it out on the grass, when it will disappear. Lay calico goods out with the wrong side to the sun.

TO KEEP machinery from rusting: Take one-half ounce of camphor; dissolve in one pound of melted lard; take off the scum and mix in as much fine black lead as will give it an iron color. Clean the machinery and smear with the mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

GOOD WASHING FLUID.—Take one pound of washing soda, one-quarter of a pound of unslaked lime and one gallon of water. Boil up and when cold pour off clear. Use one teacupful to a boiler of clothes, and it will take out almost any stains, leaving the garment clear and white, even though it has scarcely been rubbed at all. It is very simple, and when washing is done in the house a wonderful labor-saver. It will not cause the slightest injury to the most delicate fabrics. Not half the injury that the washboard is to even the stouter goods.

TO STOP NOSE-BLEED.—The *Scientific American* gives the following novel plan: The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason in one of his lectures, is in the vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of chewing. In the case of a child a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth, and the child should be instructed to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. The remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it never has been known to fail in a single instance, even in very severe cases.

MOTHERS and nurses cannot be too careful about the soap they use on the little ones. Few but physicians know how many of the so-called skin diseases among children are caused by the use of adulterated, poisonous soap. An analysis of several cakes of the pretty and perfumed toilet soaps that are sold on the streets showed the presence of ground glass, soluble glass, silex, pipe-clay, rotten stone, borax, plaster of paris, tin crystal, magnesia, pumice stone, oat-meal and other substances, which are added to give the soap weight, toughness or clearness. The common colorings are vermillion, Venetian red and carmine, ultramarine green, pot pigment green, copperas, Spanish brown, ultramarine blues, yellow and scarlet anilines and burnt umber. Many of the perfuming ingredients, though harmless in themselves, become chemically poisonous by admixture. Adding the dangers from all these to the rancid, diseased, putrid qualities of grease used, and mothers may well be appalled at the permanent evils their neat-looking, delicately-scented blocks of toilet soap contain, ready to be released whenever moistened and applied to baby's body.

Falling Stars.

Astronomers divide meteors into several classes—aerial meteors, as winds, tornadoes, etc.; aqueous meteors, as fogs, rain, snow, hail, etc.; luminous meteors, or those due to the action of elements in the air, as rainbows, halos, parhelias, mirages, etc.; electrical meteors, as lightnings, auroras, etc.; and igneous meteors as shooting or failing stars, star-showers, bolides or fire-balls, aerolites or meteorites, etc. In present usage, says Professor Newton, the term meteor is generally limited to the last group, or to the igneous meteors. The meteorites are all evidently fragments, not separate formations. They are, says the same authority, in the heavens, to some extent, at least, grouped in streams along the orbits of known comets, and hence have a common origin with them. The continuity of these streams, the double and multiple character of Biela's and other comets, and the steady diminution of comets in brilliancy of successive returns, seems to argue a continuous breaking up of the comet into fragments by some cause, probably by the sun's heat. This view is strenghened by the fact that the meteoric irons and stones bring with them carbonic acid, which is known to form so prominent a part of the comet's tail. It is now universally admitted that igneous meteors are caused by small bodies which have been traveling about the sun in their orbits, but now come into the earth's atmosphere, and, in general the shape of broken fragments of stone. The outside is usually covered with a thin black crust, which is evidently due to a melting of the surface in the atmosphere. There have been found at various times and places, loose iron masses that are assumed to be of meteoric origin, because their peculiar form, their peculiar chemical composition, and their peculiar crystaline structure are like those of the iron masses that have been seen in several instances to come down from meteors. Shooting-stars are seen on any clear, moonlight night; they leave behind, many of them, a bright cloud of phosphorescent light; the meteors and their trains have various colors—white, green, blue, yellow, scarlet, etc.; the duration of the flight is generally less than a second of time, but the brighter ones may last several seconds. The meteorites contain no elements, so far as we know, which have not been found on the earth, but these elements are compounded differently from any terrestrial minerals; sometimes they reach the earth, and again are consumed in their course.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*